Lonely Hotel Room

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Lonely Hotel Room

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Summary

A low laugh. One that had Vox squeezing her thighs together. “That would be a spectacular vision, now wouldn’t it? Pulling you apart, determining how easy it would be to do so.” Vox could hear the smile in Alastor’s voice at her next words. “Would let me cut you open? I’m sure you’d look stunning painted in blood.”

Or: Vox calls Alastor with the expectation that she won’t pick up

Notes

Fem!Vox and Fem!Alastor have me in their clutches

Forewarning: Alastor is fully a female woman in this, but she is into gender play

See the end of the work for more notes

It had been months since the end of things, since the start of insanity.

Vox had been on the road for most of this time. Her high school garage band had taken off over the past year, so her and her colleagues intended to make the most of it. The hotels and air BNBs they'd booked were starting to blur together in Vox's memories like muddied snapshots. She couldn't be blamed for that when she only saw them late into the night, or stumbling in drunk.

For the past five years, Velvette had been in charge of the band's social media. Valentino had been the director of their music videos. And Vox? She was the face of the band. The lead singer, so to speak.

There was a time- before the rise to popularity- in which Alastor had been the lead. But that was before Vox fucked it up. Before words had been spewed and fights had been had. Before Alastor had quit. Vox could hardly blame her for quitting with the way their fight had gone. She could hardly blame their decision to go no contact.

Val and Vel had blamed her, though. The loss of Alastor meant uprooting the entire band's hierarchical structure. With Al, Val was more tolerable, less expressive of his insatiable libido. Velvette and Al had gotten along well; they were both into fashion, and Vel would often ask Alastor's opinion on posters or things to do with presentation.

And Vox? Well, Vel and Val had just assumed they were a thing. Anyone with an eye and half a brain could see Vox adored Alastor, and Alastor enjoyed Vox's company the way an owner enjoyed the company of their well-meaning pet. Vox didn't particularly care how Alastor saw her, only that she did.

Still, some nights regret pooled in Vox's chest and ate her alive. Some nights, Vox could hardly control the impulse to reach for her phone and call up Al. It wasn't like Al answered. Alastor simply let the calls ring. Vox knew this. She'd seen it first hand. Alastor liked being unreachable, aside from three or four people she deemed important enough to answer.

Vox had been scratched off of that list so hard the pen had probably dug into the paper. Metaphorically, at least.

Tonight, Valentino had begged Vox to join him at the afterparty of the gig. Oftentimes, she would. Her and Vel and Val would get drunk and high off of their asses and somehow stumble back to their residence without dying. Vel would always freak about about losing her phone in an Uber, and Val would gripe like a pissbaby until he was taken care of. Waking up was always shit, but it was worth the few hours of respite.

Vox was just…not up for that tonight. If she had to see another blinding neon light or taste the cheap escapism of alcohol, she thought she'd lose her mind completely.

Velvette understood. Of course she understood. Valentino was coaxed away with the promise that Vox would join the next one. Vox wasn't even sure if that was true.

The darkness of Vox's hotel room was lit up only by the outside cityscape. She didn't feel like turning on the room lights. They'd be too much, too bright. Her shoes sounded on the wooden floor when she entered. The damn boots she'd worn today made her ankles ache. Taking them off felt a lot like taking in a fresh lungful of oxygen after suffering through stuffy hot air all day.

Vox changed into clothing that draped over her body instead of clinging to it, and climbed onto her bed. The duvet was the sort that was stuffed with down feathers. It crinkled under her movement, and smelt faintly of lavender. This mattress didn't possess springs, thankfully. Far too many hotels were in possession of uncomfortable mattresses.

Vox rolled onto her back and blinked up at the ceiling. It was white and the paint roller lines were still present as if people hadn't taken the care to smooth them out. The bedroom's overhead light cover looked clean, at least. Vox's phone rested on the duvet cover beside her. The urge to reach out and grab felt like an itch. Her fingertips twitched against the bedding. *Crinkle*. She tucked her hands under her head.

Each of the Vees had their own hotel rooms. Vox didn't want to deal with Valentino's advances when she was supposed to be relaxing, Velvette didn't want to deal with Valentino's whining when *she* was meant to be relaxing, and, most importantly, Valentino could watch his oversaturated pornos as loudly as he wanted without subjecting the other two to his tastes. Overall, a win-win situation.

Vox let her head roll to the side to take in the blank darkness of her phone screen. The urge, the *itch*, was unbearable.

Her and Alastor hadn't really been together. Not officially, anyway. They both held each other in a high regard, and Vox knew Al knew she liked her, but it was only ever just that; knowing. Aside from the few times they'd held hands in the backseat of Velvette's car, there wasn't any sort of action. Well, unless the nights they'd lain awake together talking over the phone counted.

Vox clenched her jaw. Something in it clicked or cracked. Fuck. She needed better self control. Despite this observation, she pried one of her hands out from under her head and reached for her phone. The traitorous duvet did not allow this action to go unnoticed. She unlocked her phone and clicked on the call app. Alastor's contact was under the starred list. Vox tapped it without a second thought.

It wasn't as if Alastor would pick up, anyway. She never did. Vox could have been blocked for all she knew. She wouldn't even fault Al for that.

As Vox lay there, on her back, looking up at the ceiling and listening to the steady *ring-ring, ring-ring* of the phone line, a soothing sort of feeling settled over her. There was something comforting about existing in this in between liminal place without the expectation of hearing Alastor's voice. Something about knowing this was the frail line that tethered the pair, even if it was only used by her, made her close her eyes and clutch the phone closer. The screen would be warm if she kept that up.

This peace lasted until there was a soft click. At first, Vox assumed this was because the call had either been declined or run out on its own. However, as she lifted it to press the red button on her end, a smooth voice sounded on the other end.

“Hello?”

Something in Vox’s stomach lurched. The whites of her eyes flashed a sliver of moonlight, of city lights. Alastor had picked up. *Alastor had picked up.* Shit. Shit shit shit.

“Hey!” she said, trying for casual and totally selling it. “What’s up?”

There was silence on the other end for a few seconds before Vox heard the soft rustle of something. Fabric? Was Alastor also in bed?

“You called to check up on me?” Alastor asked, voice tinted in something akin to annoyed amusement. The gentle lilt to it had Vox’s chest aching.

“Yep. Yeah. I did. Totally did. So-“

“You are on a tour of sorts, are you not?”

Vox blinked. She pushed herself to sit up, cross legged, on the bed. Her fringe swooped over the corners of her eyes like curtains tucked into their holders. It didn’t feel right just lying there. Stomach to the ceiling. Vulnerable. Not that Alastor could see her. It shouldn’t matter anyway if Alastor could see her. She glanced around for something to fiddle with. The towel at the edge of the bed seemed a perfect victim.

“Yes,” Vox replied. She would have asked how Alastor was aware of that if not for the fact that she knew she still followed Velvette’s updates.

“And is that everything you dreamed it would be?”

The fabric of the provided towel was twisted in Vox’s hands. Why were these hotel towels always white? At least this one was softer than the usual.

“Yeah. It is,” Vox said. The lie left a bitter aftertaste on her tongue. “I saw a billboard with my face on it the other day. That was fucking crazy.”

“Quite.”

Vox cleared her throat, twisting the towel more tightly, as if wringing the thing. “And, uh, you? What have you been up to?”

“Nothing too out of the usual. I finally secured a job at he radio station. Nothing fancy, but progress all the same.”

“That’s…that’s great, Al.”

The sincerity in her words made them both pause. Vox wished she’d never called. Why did she think this would be a good idea? More importantly, why had Alastor answered? Alastor

never answered.

“Why did you call me, Vox?”

There was a note to her voice Vox hadn’t expected. Something tiredly patient. Vox winced.

“I don’t know,” Vox whispered into the phone line, aware of how pathetic the words sounded. Her legs were growing tired of being placed beneath her. She stretched them out.

A disbelieving laugh. “You don’t know?”

“No.”

More shuffling. Vox swallowed the lump that rose to the back of her throat at the sound. She had to resist the urge to ask, the urge to *know*, what Al was wearing, how she looked in this moment. If she was lying on her side or her back or stomach. Al had always slept on her stomach. Was her hair still the same length? Shorter? Were her nails painted? Was she still wearing that black necklace with the silver pendant that hung at her throat?

“If it helps, I didn’t think you’d pick up,” Vox said. Her fingers had tightened subconsciously on the phone as if that would keep Alastor there longer. Her heels dug into the duvet cover. Another soft crinkle.

“That makes it a little worse, actually. But then again, I suppose you’ve always been a glutton for self inflicted disappointments, haven’t you?”

Vox closed her eyes against the truth of the words and the way they threatened to burrow beneath her ribs. “It’s just become a habit, I suppose; calling you on the worse days.”

“Yes, I did happen to notice your sporadic calls after we mutually agreed not to contact one another. I’ve been tempted to block you on more than one occasion.”

Another wince. Vox’s hand dug into the towel as if that would spare her the uncomfortable sensation of the reality of her own foolishness. Movement distracted or stilled the mind. This was something she’d learnt young.

“You can.”

“Oh, I know I’m quite capable of such a thing, but then I’d hardly hear your name at all. None of my acquaintances are even aware of your existence.”

Okay, that actually stung a little. More than Vox thought it would. But that was the point of going no-contact, wasn’t it? To not think of the other person at all? Vox was doing a pretty shit job of it.

The silence stretched to something uncomfortable. Half-fearful that Alastor would hang up, Vox said the first thing that came to mind:

“Can you tell me something?”

She pointedly ignored the way it sounded like a dog begging for scraps at its master's table.

"What exactly?"

Relieved that Alastor was at least mildly intrigued, she continued, "Everything. Anything. I just…wanna hear you."

A snort sounded on the other end. Vox imagined Alastor on the bed beside her with how close the voice sounded.

"You always did enjoy hearing my voice, didn't you?" Alastor asked, low. Honeyed.

Vox blinked. Was that…Was Al flirting? Surely not. But she sounded *different.* Teasing. Vox ran her free hand over her face. Fuck, she could not be simping for some unobtainable woman right now. No matter if Al was a friend or not. Actually, her being a friend made it a little weirder. They weren't *like that* anymore. They couldn't…Vox couldn't do that.

Despite this solid argument, she found herself huffing out a soft "maybe."

"Oh, please. You can't deny such a thing when you'd call me late at night, like this, and *listen* to anything I said."

Heat seeped through Vox's body, settling in her cheeks and gut. The duvet protested to her movements yet again. Okay, that was definitely flirting. Unless she was going crazy. Maybe she was going crazy.

"You seemed to enjoy *talking* just as much. Don't pretend like it was some one-sided thing."

There was a breathless laugh. "Half the fun of it was having you so compliant."

Vox flopped back against the bed with a groan. The scent of lavender drifted off of the cover. "Al, you can't just-"

"I was under the assumption that you wished to listen to me speak." Smugness bled from Alastor's voice. "About *anything*, is that not so?"

Vox bit back a whine at the voice she was using. The one that was soft and lilting and entirely too casual to be casual.

"Is that not so, Vox?"

"You don't have to be a dipshit about it."

Another hum. "That's still not a clear answer, now is it?"

"Fuck you."

"A difficult feat when I have vivid recollections of you tossing out your strap-on, not so?"

Vox choked on air, heat flushing through her face. Was her shirt collar too tight? It felt too tight. She was surprised that Al even remembered that when it had happened with the pair intoxicated.

“I bought another one, dumbass,” Vox muttered, slinging an arm over her face as if that would hide the heat from herself. What was this conversation?

“I do admire your wishful thinking, my dear. It’s quite refreshing!”

Vox frowned, the heat in her cheeks fading. Her arm was flung to the duvet cover and her frown had only the ceiling as a witness, except for what fragments of it bled into her voice.

“Plenty of people want to sleep with me, Al. It’s not exactly difficult to find someone interested.”

More shuffling. The creases faded from Vox’s face. She was acutely aware of the way the duvet clung onto the warmth of her body, and kept it like gold. The drapery of the fabric covering her thighs seemed a touch too tight. She hoped Al was lying on her stomach. Hoped those stupidly long legs were bent up in the air behind her, swaying. She wondered if Alastor was wearing long pants, or shorts that would ride up in such a position.

“And have you? Taken these multitudes of eager citizens up on their offer?”

Vox allowed the silence to answer a resounding *no.* Of course she hadn’t. She’d tried, several times, with Val and Vel, to fuck out the complex feelings she harboured towards Alastor, but it never worked. Those were times in which she was high or drunk as shit so, to her, they didn’t count. Not really.

“As I thought,” Alastor said, her words far too smug. “You’ve *missed me*, haven’t you?”

A sharp inhale cut through the air, and Vox slapped her free hand over her mouth. Her palm was warm and slightly sweaty. Shit. Shit shit shit-

“I do have to admit I’ve…” A pause. “It’s been…a challenge to find some respite since our agreement.”

Vox breathed out shakily, resting her free hand by her side again. The duvet crackled when she clenched a fistful of it. Her lips were parted. Her voice cracked around the edges.

“Al.”

“Hm?”

“You’re killing me.”

A low laugh. One that had Vox squeezing her thighs together. “That would be a spectacular vision, now wouldn’t it? Pulling you apart, determining how easy it would be to do so.” Vox could hear the smile in Alastor’s voice at her next words. “Would let me cut you open? I’m sure you’d look stunning painted in blood.”

"*Al,"* Vox all but whined. Why was she so *easy* when it came to Alastor? All the woman had to do was spout some bullshit in a certain lilting tone and Vox was left aching.

"Hush. This doesn't have to mean anything. Not in the way that would set us backwards." Alastor was using her calculated voice. "You recall how we used to-"

"Yes," Vox breathed. Disbelief sunk into her veins even as there was that insistent, *wanting* that trickled down her spine. Her pants were warm. Too warm. She shifted again on the bed. "You- you want-"

"I believe so, seeing as you're the only one my body accurately reacts to."

"Fuck."

Heat. There was so much heat between her thighs. She shifted them together, but that only succeeded in forcing a whine from her throat.

"Would you be…open to such a thing?"

A breathless laugh escaped Vox's throat. "Oh, I'm *open,* alright."

Alastor's sigh was long-suffering. "Am I to take that as a yes?"

"Yes, yes, *fuck."* Vox shifted the phone to her left hand and let her legs fall open. Over the fabric of her pyjama pants, she pressed down on her clit. "Shit, Al, baby-"

There was rustling again on the other end, only this time it sounded like the phone was being shifted. There was the telltale tapping of fingers pressing a screen, and then Vox's phone was buzzing. She frowned slightly. Before she could open her mouth to ask what Alastor was doing, Alastor spoke;

"I sent you something."

Vox blinked, lightening the pressure against herself, but not removing her fingers. She lifted her phone and used her thumb to navigate from the call screen to the chat of her and Alastor. The newest *unread message* was a view once photograph.

Vox's eyes widened. Oh. Oh, shit. Saliva pooled in her mouth as she clicked onto it.

The sound that escaped Vox's lips was practically pathetic. Her hips bucked against her fingers as a fresh wave of arousal flushed through her veins. *Fuck.* Alastor was so fucking beautiful.

The image she'd been sent captured Alastor on her back on a red duvet. Alastor had left her face out of it and framed it so that it only showed the underside of her breasts down to half of her thighs.

Vox pushed the brightness of her screen all the way up and brought the screen closer to her face, determined not to miss out on any detail.

The gentle bumps of Alastor's ribs were visible. Vox wanted to run her tongue over each of them and down Alastor's stomach to her happy trail and Adonis belt. *Fuck,* Vox would worship Alastor's hips and waist and thighs and happy trail, if given the chance. She'd drop to her knees and do what she was told. She'd *be good*, if only for the opportunity to touch and taste the warm brown of Alastor's skin.

"You like it?" Alastor asked, voice far too coy for the question to stem from insecurity. Still, Vox answered it honestly.

"Yes, Al. You're perfect."

"Truly?"

"Yes, baby." Vox's gaze trailed down to the wiry curls between Alastor's thighs. Vox wanted to kneel down and have Alastor stand above her. She wanted to grip the back of Alastor's thighs and bury her face between them. She wanted to breathe Alastor in. She wanted lap out and *taste*, to have Alastor draw her closer, to have Alastor fuck herself on Vox's face. She ran her tongue over her lips as if that would parch the hunger in the back of her throat. "Fuck, I wanna eat you out."

A breathless laugh sounded down the line. "That does sound rather, *mngh,* nice."

Vox's eyes widened. She froze for a second before clicking off of the picture and onto the bar at the top of the screen. As if seeing Alastor's name and the call options would somehow make her hear better.

Another quiet whimper from Alastor caused Vox to inhale sharply. "Are you-?"

"Mhm. Aren't you?" A soft grunt. "Is that not the point of the 'benefits' from our friendship?"

A fresh wave of heat and wanting flushed through Vox. She scrambled to pull down her pants and underwear, kicking them off to the floor so she wouldn't have to deal with the damn heat. Her index finger grazed over her labia. Both were puffy. Warm wetness coated her fingertip when she dipped between them. Damn, her cunt was an eager thing when it came to Al.

She brushed her index and middle finger through the mess to drag some slick over her clit. The first circle had her head tipping back and a moan stuttering through her parted lips.

"Feel good?"

"Yeah, baby. Fuck, yeah, you feel amazing," Vox murmured. The soft sound Alastor made in response caused spiderwebs of nerves along Vox's gut to ignite. "You like that? You like being the one to get me off? You like getting off to this?"

"Need you be so vulgar?"

Vox's eyes had fluttered shut. Her fingers were working over herself in steady circles. "It works for you, though."

“Does it?”

“Doesn’t it?” Vox moaned softly. “Would you prefer it if I called you my good boy?” At the gasp Alastor didn’t catch, Vox grinned. “My good boy stroking their pretty little cock just for me.”

“Vox.”

“Yes, Alastor?”

Vox dipped her fingers down to tease at her entrance before dragging them back up to her clit. As nice as internal stimulation could be, she couldn’t finish to it. In fact, it seemed to hinder her progress altogether.

“You can’t just- *fuck*- just say such things,” Alastor whined.

Hearing Alastor whine, hearing those small sacred sounds that dripped from Alastor’s lips like liquid flames, was divine. Better than any cigarette earth had to offer. Better than any high, any rush. Nothing could top this.

“Why not? You like being my sweet boy, don’t you?” Vox wondered vaguely if Al was as wet as her. She wondered how different Al would taste compared to her, what kind of motions encouraged more heat to pool at her cunt. They never video called like this. It was always voice. Only voice. “You like stroking your cock to the sound of my voice?”

“Vox,” Alastor gasped. She sounded so hot- all high and wanting. Vox craved the taste.

“Yeah? You want me to use my strap on you, Al? Want me to fuck your cunt and jerk you off? Wanna come all over my hand, baby? Get me nice and messy for you?”

“*Shit.”*

“There you go,” Vox coaxed, her hips bucking up against the motions of her fingers. Her shirt felt hot, too hot, but taking it off meant stopping and that was the last thing Vox wanted to do. “Just like that, pretty boy. Gonna take it so well, aren’t you? Gonna take my strap so well.”

The sound that slipped past Alastor’s lips was divine. If Vox was with her, she’d swallow it up in a kiss. She’d drink it down like oxygen. If Vox was with her, she’d make good on the honeyed words she was slipping through Alastor’s mind. She’d watch the expressions different drags of her hips flickered across Alastor’s face.

“You want me to use you? Wanna be my good boy and lie there for me to use?” Vox murmured. Alastor breathed hoarse profanities in response. “Don’t even have to do anything, baby. Don’t have to think of anything other than being my good toy.”

“Oh fuck, oh fuck. *Vox,* fuck.” Alastor was panting into the phone, the rustle of her duvet faint in the background. “*Fuck,* can you hear it?”

Vox was circling her clit harder, faster. “Hear what?”

“This.”

And then there was the rustle of the phone and a consistent sound Vox could only describe as wet. It took a second for her to register what exactly she was hearing.

“Oh, shit, Alastor-“ Vox was gasping softly. Heat bloomed through her gut, down her spine. Her feet dragged along the duvet cover, unsure of where they should perch, unsure of what would offer good leverage. Her cunt was warm. Her cunt was so warm and needy and aching. “That’s- Holy fuck that’s hot, baby. You’re such a good boy. So fucking good. Holy shit.”

“You like it?” Alastor’s breathy voice was beside the mic again. The master begging for validation from its pet.

“*Yes,* Al. Yes. Fuck, I love it.” She allowed Alastor to hear the genuine note to her voice, knowing exactly what effect it would have on her. “Your- *nnm*- cock’s so fucking messy, isn’t it? Don’t even need lube for you, do I? Such an eager toy.”

The whine Alastor let out had Vox’s back arching against the bed as if reaching out for Al. As if Vox could feel her. She wished she could. She wished she could see how Alastor moved. For now, though, all they had was this.

“Talk,” Alastor gasped out. “Keep- please.”

Vox swallowed back a desperate sound. “You gonna look so good bouncing on my strap, aren’t you, honey? Gonna ride me so well.”

“Yeah.”

“You gonna finish on me? Gonna mark me? Claim me?”

“Yes. Yes.”

A familiar rising sensation was building in Vox’s gut. She was approaching the edge of a cliff, racing towards the precipice. She wanted to take Alastor with her, to have them fall together.

“Gonna be such a good boy and let me feel you clench around my strap when you come? Gonna make sure it smells like you? That no one else uses it but you?”

“*Mmngh*- Yes.” Alastor was moving faster too now, if the increase in her soft moans was any indication. “Vox.”

“Yeah, Al? You wanna be the only fucktoy I use? You wanna be the only one who gets me like this? Wanna be the only one who can make me come, don’t you?”

“*Fuck.”*

“Don’t you, Al?”

Alastor keened, “Yes, yes. You’re mine. Mine.”

Vox’s eyes rolled back at the possessive note in Alastor’s voice as a fresh web of nerves ignited. She knew Alastor meant it solely sexually, she *knew* that, and yet-

“Yours,” Vox promised. The ache in her heart somehow fuelled the build up. “All yours to own, Al. Yours to use.”

“Mine,” Alastor said again, only this time higher. Needier. A desperate sound tore from Vox’s throat.

“Yes.” Vox’s eyes were closed. Her mind somehow believed this fantastical scenario was actually happening. If she focused on the sound of Alastor for long enough, she could feel the whisper of skin against her own. Perhaps she’d have Alastor ride her face after being fucked out. The image of that had her moaning high and long into the phone. “Fuck, I’m close. I’m close. Al, please. Please come for me, baby. Claim me. Own me. Tear me apart.”

“Oh, shit.”

Vox’s fingers were moving fast enough for her arm to begin to tire. She was desperate; balancing on the edge of a precipice. A chained hound awaiting the fall of its master before descending itself.

“Bite me,” Vox pleaded. “Sink your teeth into me. Taste me. I’m yours, Al. Cut me up. Use me. Ruin me, please.”

“Almost,” Alastor breathed, voice whiny. “Vox, I’m so-“

“Imagine it, Al,” Vox was borderline sobbing. “Imagine me, there, laid out for you. Your own thing. You’d want me telling you where to cut, what to tear. Want to make me bleed, don’t you?”

“Vox, I’m almost-“

“You think red would suit me, baby? Think I’d look good stained with what you did to me? Defiled. Completely and utterly yours to consume.”

A high whine was escaping Alastor’s lips and then she was murmuring that she was *coming oh fuck please* and Vox was helpless but to plummet after her.

It was quiet for a while after that. If the sound of shuffling and gathering breath counted as silence. Vox had abandoned her phone on the bed as she cleaned herself up. This was the worst part of sexual encounters. This was something that had almost put her off of them altogether.

When the pair of them were back on their respective ends, the call truly lapsed into silence. Vox blinked up at the ceiling. Her clothes felt dirty, being involved in the beginning of the act, but they weren’t uncomfortable enough to change out of. It was like that itch again, but much more tolerable. She just hated the mess. And the smell.

“Was that-“ Vox started and stopped, unsure of how Alastor would react to the question. “I didn’t say the wrong things, did I?”

“Have I given you the impression you spoke wrongly?”

Vox frowned. “No.”

“There you have it, then.”

Something was eating away at the lining of Vox’s gut. She was the sort of person that needed confirmation after sex, the sort that often caused Valentino to hand her over to Velvette to ‘take care of’. A burden. Overbearing. Troublesome. Sometimes she knew she did well, she just needed to be told so. Alastor was probably the last person to go to for such things. Perhaps she could look up some comfort ASMR later.

“We’re never going to…” Vox’s voice trailed off, but she knew Alastor had heard everything she hadn’t said. The silence was tense enough for that. “I fucked us up, didn’t I?”

“Vox.” Alastor’s voice was wary.

“I’m not…I just- I’m sorry. That’s all. I…You’re great, and-“

“Don’t.” The cutting note faded to something more tired. “Please.”

Vox swallowed. She rolled onto her side and instantly hated how her thighs felt when they touched. She grasped one of the spare pillows and stuffed it between them.

“I won’t,” she promised. Their old argument lay thick in the air like the silence after a gunshot. “I won’t, Al.”

“Thank you.”

When they were both still and quiet, Vox could hear occasional passing cars from Alastor’s end. Passing motorbikes too.

“Can we stay on call?” Vox hardly dared to ask the question above a whisper. She was afraid, too afraid of the response.

“Until?”

“I don’t mind. Whenever.”

The distant sound of a honking horn. The closer sound of a duvet being moved. Vox’s screen was warm. Too warm. She set it on the bed and curled around it, ears straining for a response.

“Alright. I suppose I wouldn’t mind that.”

The need to thank built up in the back of Vox’s throat, but she didn’t voice it. Alastor could retract an offer as easily and swiftly as it was created.

“Goodnight, Al.”

Vox could have sworn there was a smile in Alastor’s voice, even as her words were cracked around the edges.

“Goodnight, Vox.”

End Notes

“Hey, brain,” I say. “We should carry on writing the two chaptered fanfictions we’re busy with,” I say.
“No,” my brain replies, “Smut.”
“What?”
“S m u t.”

So…the brainworms won with this one

PS. It feels like forever since I’ve posted anything damn.
PPS. Fun fact: this took a month to write bc of how freaken hectic uni as been. Second semester is no joke y’all. Stay safe out there

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